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S O N G S, &c.

The POOR SOLDIER:

A COMIC OPERA.

Price, SIX-PENCE



THE FOUR SOUVENIRS

THE COMIC OPERA

THE SIX PENCE

SONGS, DUETTS, &c.

IN THE

POOR SOLDIER.

A COMIC OPERA.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL,

COVENT-GARDEN.

Written by Mr. O'KEEFFE.

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Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand. 1788.

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COMPTON GARDEN.

Wm. P. M. O'NEILL.

LONDON.

Printed by T. C. DILL, in the Strand, 1856.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Fitzroy,	-	-	-	Mr. BANNISTER.
Patrick,	-	-	-	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Darby,	-	-	-	Mr. EDWIN.
Dermott,	-	-	-	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Father Luke,	-	-	-	Mr. WILSON.
Bagatelle,	-	-	-	Mr. WEWITZER.

Norah,	-	-	-	Mrs. BANNISTER.
Kathleen,	-	-	-	Mrs. MARTYR.

THE
POOR SOLDIER.

ACT I.

AIR I.—*Dermott.*

SLEEP on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,
May peace possess thy breast!
Yet dost thou dream thy true love's here,
Depriv'd of peace and rest.

II.

The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
Those joys are none to me:
Tho' sleep is fled, poor Dermott wakes
To none but love and thee.

AIR

A I R II.—*Darby.*

Dear Kathleen, you, no doubt,
 Find sleep how very sweet 'tis;
 Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out;
 You never dream how late 'tis.
 This morning gay,
 I post away,
 To have with you a bit of play.
 On two legs rid
 Along to bid
 Good-morrow to your night-cap.

II.

Last night a little bowfy
 With whiskey, ale, and cyder,
 I ask'd young Betty Blowzy
 To let me sit beside her.
 Her anger rose
 As four as floes,
 The little gypsy cock'd her nose,
 Yet here I've rid
 Along to bid
 Good-morrow to your night-cap.

A I R III.—*Kathleen,*

SINCE love is the plan,
 I'll love if I can,
 Attend, and I'll tell you what sort of a man;
 In dress how complete,
 And in dress spruce and neat,
 No matter how tall, so he's over five feet;
 Not dull, nor too witty,
 His eyes I'll think pretty
 If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet.

II.

Tho' gentle he be,
 His man he should see,
 Yet never be conquer'd by any but me;
 In a song bear a bob,
 In a glass a hob-nob,
 Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob.
 This is my fancy,
 If such a man can see,
 I'm his, if he's mine; until then I am free,

DUETT—*Kathleen and Darby.*

AIR IV.

Kath. Out of my sight, or I'll box your ears.

Darb. I'll fit you soon for your jibes and jeers.

Kath. I'll cock my hat at a smart young man.

Darb. Another I'll wed this day if I can.

Kath. In courtship funny,

Darb. Once sweet as honey.

Kath. You drone!

Darb. No, Kate, I'm your humble bee.

Kath. Go dance your dogs, with your fiddle-
de-dee,

For a sprightly lad is the man for me.

II.

Kath. Like sweet milk turn'd, now to me
seems love.

Darb. The fragrant rose does a nettle prove.

Kath. Sour curds I taste, tho' sweet cream I
chose.

Darb. And with a flower I sting my nose.
In courtship, &c.

AIR

AIR V.—*Fitzroy.*

THE twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,
 Arise to partake of the chase;
 And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,
 And a smile to the smile of her face.
 For the sport I delight in, the bright Queen of
 Love,

With myrtles my brow shall adorn,
 While Pan breaks his chaunter, and skulks in
 the grove,
 Excell'd by the sound of the horn.

The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is their cry,
 Yet sweeter the notes of sweet Echo's reply:
 Hark forward, my honies, the game is in view,
 But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps
 out,

His sentence he hears in the gale;
 Yet flies, 'till entangled in fear and in doubt,
 His courage and constancy fail.
 Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray,
 Despair taking place of his fear;
 With antlers erected, a while stands at bay,
 Then surrenders his life with a tear.

The dogs are, &c.

AIR VI.—*Norah.*

THE meadows look cheerful, the birds sweetly
sing,

So gaily they carol the praises of spring!
Tho' Nature rejoices, poor Norah shall mourn
Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

II.

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah hide your gay charms,
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms;
Tho' fattins, and ribbands, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with such feeling as mine.

* AIR VII.—*Patrick.*

HOW happy the Soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day!
Yet fears neither justices, warrants or bums,
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.

With a row-de-dow, &c.

II.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
His King finds him quarters, and money and
clothes:

He laughs at all sorrow whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of his drums.

With a row-de-dow, &c.

* *Not written by Mr. O'Keeffe.*

The drum is his glory, his joy and delight,
 It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight.
 No girl when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,
 But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.
 With a row-de-dow, &c.

AIR VIII.—*Patrick.*

THE wealthy fool with gold in store,
 Will still desire to go richer:
 Give me but health, I ask no more,
 My little girl, my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare,
 My girl so fair,
 With such, what mortal can be richer?
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

II.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
 I know not what can thus bewitch her;
 With all my heart can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

AIR. IX.—*Patrick and Norah.*

Pat. A rose-tree full in bearing,
 Had sweet flowers fair to see;
 One rose beyond comparing,
 For beauty attracted me.
 Tho' eager then to win it,
 Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay,
 I find a canker in it,
 And now throw it far away.

Norah. How fine this morning early,
 All sun-shine, clear and bright!
 So late I lov'd you dearly,
 Tho' lost now each fond delight,
 The clouds seem big with showers,
 Sunny beams no more are seen;
 Farewell, ye fleeting hours,
 Your falshood has chang'd the scene.

Duett. How fine, &c.

ACT II.

A C T II.

AIR I.—*Norah.*

Farewell ye groves and crystal fountains,
The gladsome plains and silent dell;
Ye humble vales and lofty mountains,
And welcoms now a lonely cell.

And oh farewell, fond youth most dear,
Thy tender plaint, the vow sincere!
We'll meet and share the parting tear,
And take a long and last farewell.

AIR

AIR II.—Pat.

THOUGH Leixlip is proud of its close shady
bowers,

Its clear falling waters and murmuring cas-
cades,

Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of sweet
flowers,

Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty
maids ;

As each his own village must still make the
most of,

In praise of dear Carton I hope I'm not wrong ;

Dear Carton ! containing what kingdoms may
boast of——

'Tis Norah, dear Norah ! the theme of my
song,

II.

Be gentlemen fine with their spurs and nice
 boots on,
 Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kil-
 dare;
 Or dance at a ball, with their Sunday new suits
 on,
 Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice
 powder'd hair:
 Poor Pat, while so blest'd in his mean, humble
 station,
 For gold or for acres he never will long;
 One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a
 nation,
 From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my
 song.

AIR II.—*Fitzroy.*

THE Spring with smiling face is seen
 To usher in the May;
 And nature clad in mantle green,
 All sprigg'd with flowers gay:
 The feather'd songsters of the grove
 Then join in harmony and love.
 The lark that soaring cleaves the skies,
 Low builds her humble nest;
 The rambling boy that finds the prize
 Is sure supremely blest!
 For when the tuneful bird is flown,
 He hastes, and marks it for his own.

*AIR IV.—*Dermott.*

Dear fir, this brown jug that now foams with
 mild ale,
 Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the
 vale,
 Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul,
 As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
 In boozing about, 'twas his praise to excell,
 And amongst jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
 A potter found out in its covert so snug,
 And with part of old Toby he form'd this brown
 jug.

Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and mild ale,
 So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

* *This Song not written by Mr. O'Keefe.*

A I R V.—*Father Luke.*

YOU know I'm your priest, and your conscience is mine,

But if you grow wicked, it's not a good sign :

So leave off your raking, and marry a wife,

And then my dear Darby you're settled for life.

Sing Ballynamona, Oro,

A good merry wedding for me.

II.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,

The bride and the bridegroom in coats white
as snow ;

So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,

You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.

Sing, &c.

III.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,

She blushes at love, and she whispers obey.

You take her dear hand to have and to hold,

I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.

Sing, &c.

That snug little guinea for me.

AIR VI.

Father Luke, Dermott, Darby and Kathleen.

Kath. to Der.) You the point may carry,
If a while you tarry.

To Darby.) But for you,
I tell you true,
No, no, you I'll never marry.

Chorus. You the point, &c.

II.

Derm. Care our souls disowning,
Punch our sorrows drowning,
Laugh and love,
And ever prove
Joys our wishes crowning.

Chorus. Care our, &c.

Dar.

III.

Dar. To the church I'll hand her.
[Offers to take her.
Then thro' the world I'll wander;
[She refuses.
I'll sob and sigh,
Until I die,
A poor forsaken gander.

Chorus. To the church, &c.

IV.

F. Lu. Each pious priest since Moses,
One mighty truth discloses,
You're never vext
If this the text,
"Go fuddle all your noses."

Chorus. Each pious, &c.

AIR

AIR VII.—*Darby.*

SINCE Kathleen has prov'd so untrue,
 Poor Darby, ah what can you do?
 No longer I'll stay here a clown,
 But sell off and gallop to town:
 I'll dress, and I'll strut with an air,
 The barber shall frizzle my hair.

II.

In town I shall cut a great dash;
 But how for to compass the cash!
 At gaming, perhaps, I may win;
 With cards I can take the flats in;
 Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd;
 If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

III.

III.

But first for to get a great name,
 A duel establish my fame;
 To my man then a challenge I'll write;
 But first I'll be sure he won't fight.
 We'll swear not to part till we fall,
 Then shoot with our powder, and the devil a
 ball.

F I N A L E.

Fitz. What true felicity I shall find
 When those are join'd,
 By fortune kind,
 How pleasing to me,
 So happy to see
 Such merit and virtue united!

Norab.

Norab. No future sorrows can grieve us,
 If you will please to forgive us,
 To each kind friend
 Thus lowly we bend,
 Your pardon, that gain'd, we're delighted.

Cho. No future, &c.

Pat. With my commission, yet dearest life,
 My charming wife,
 When drum and fife
 Shall beat up to arms,
 The plunder your charms,
 In love your Poor Soldier you'll find me.

Kath. This love, my wishes has granted;
 I get the dear lad that I wanted.
 Less pleas'd with a Duke,
 When my good Father Luke
 To my own little Dermott has join'd me.

Cho. This love, &c.

Dar. You impudent hussy, (*Dermott frowns*)
 At a pretty rate
 Of love you prate!
 But hark ye, Kate,
 Your little dear lad
 Will find that his pad
 Has got a nice—kick in her gallop.

F. Lu. Now Darby, upon my salvation,
You merit excommunication.
In love but agree,
And shortly you'll see,
In marriage I'll soon tie you all up.

Cho. Now, Darby, &c.

Derm. The devil a bit o'me cares a bean,
For neat and clean
We'll both be seen,
Next Sunday at mass,
And there we'll be coupled for ever.

Pat. The laurel I've won in the field, fir,
Yet now in a garden I yield, fir;
Nor think it a shame
Your mercy to claim,
Your mercy's my sword and my shield, fir.

CHORUS of MEN.

The laurel and bays
Revive by your praise;
Our Poet solicits your pardon.

CHO-

CHORUS of WOMEN.

Then be not severe,
With smiles you can cheer
The posies of your Covent-Garden.

GENERAL CHORUS.

The laurel, &c.

THE END.

MEMORIALS SUBMITTED

TO THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE
LAND OFFICE



GENERAL

THE

